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## *The Portrait of* **Dorian Gray**

*Dorian remembered the wish he had made at Basil's. He had said that he wished the picture would grow old and ugly while he remained young and beautiful. But could such things come true? Dorian didn't think so. But what about the picture? It had changed.*

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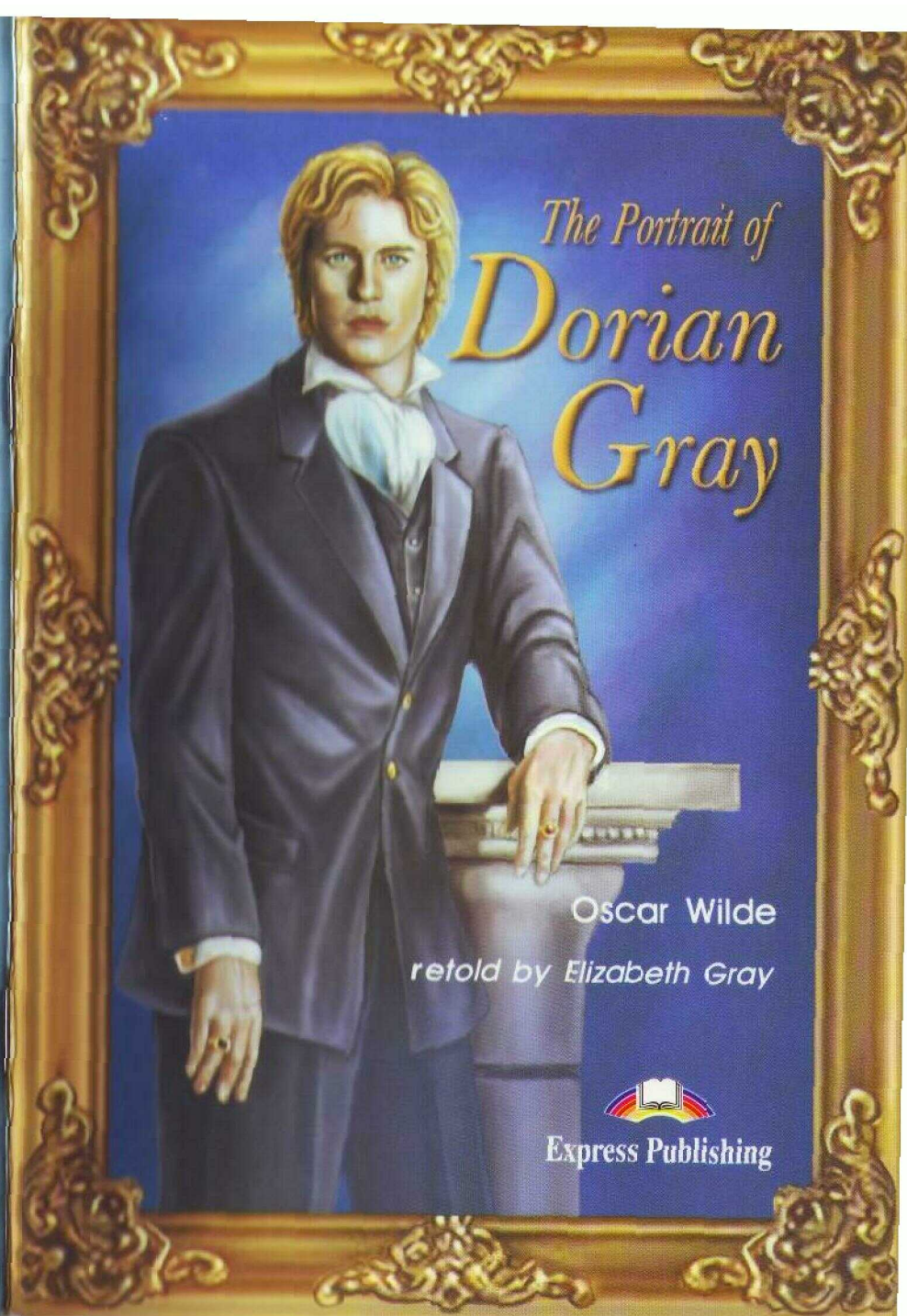
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Oscar Wilde

retold by Elizabeth Gray



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*The Portrait of*  
*Dorian*  
*Gray*

Oscar Wilde

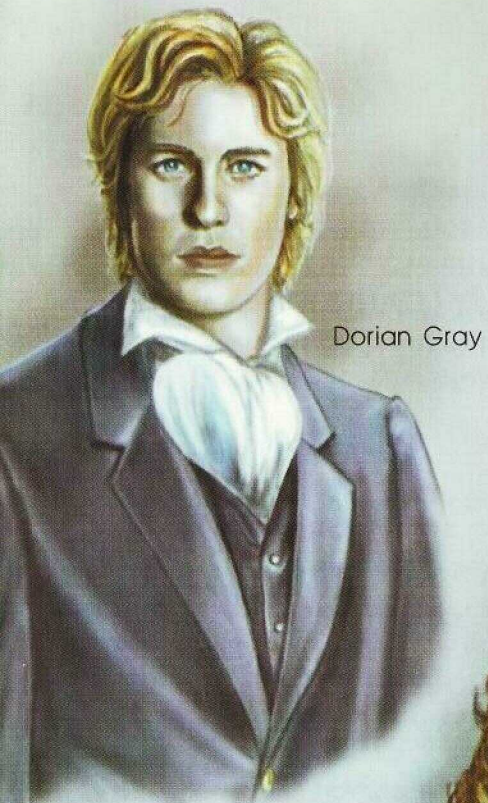
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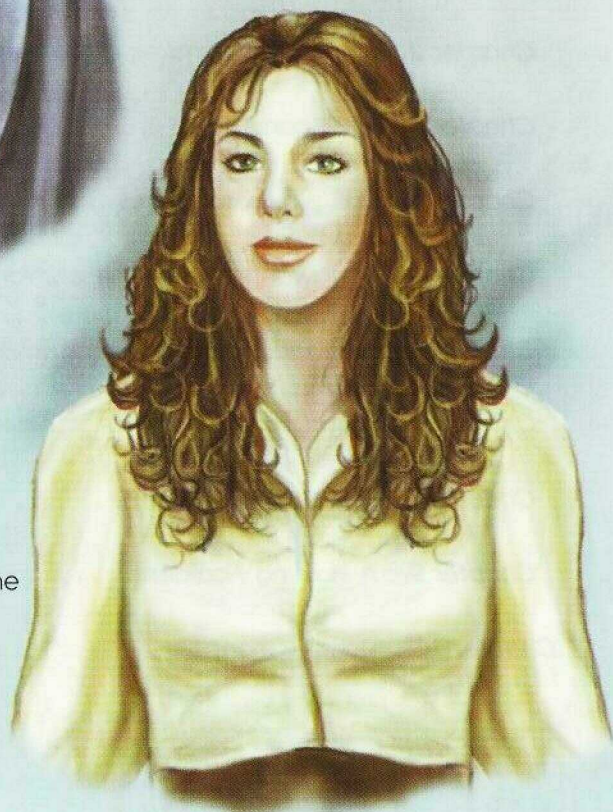
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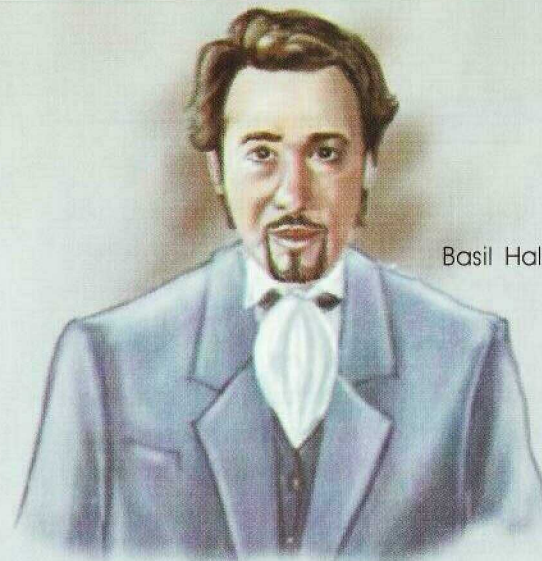




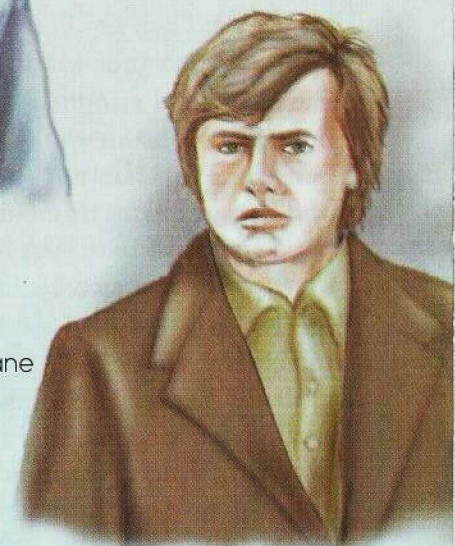
Dorian Gray



Sybil Vane



Basil Hallward



James Vane



Lord Henry



## *The Portrait*

A light summer wind blew through the open window of Basil Hallward's studio. It moved the long silk curtains slightly and filled the room with the smell of fresh flowers. Lord Henry Wotton, Basil Hallward's best friend, lay on a couch, smoking, and he and Basil were looking at a picture of a beautiful young man.

"It is your best work, Basil. You must show it in a gallery."

"No, Harry. I'm afraid I won't show it anywhere. There is too much of myself in it."

"Why, you don't look like that portrait at all. The boy in that picture is young and handsome. He has blond hair and the face of a statue. You, you have dark hair and you are older."

"You don't understand. Everything I believe about art and beauty is in this portrait of Dorian Gray. If I show it in a gallery, I will let everyone know my most personal secrets."

"Is that the boy's name, Dorian Gray? I would like to meet him."

"No, Harry. You mustn't. He is innocent and I don't want you to have a negative effect on him."

Just then, Basil Hallward's butler, Parker, came in.

"Mr Dorian Gray is here to see you, sir."

"Now, I'm afraid I'll have to meet him!"

"Please, Harry, I'm begging you. Don't say things which will upset him. His character is too pure. Show him in, Parker."

The Dorian Gray who walked into the studio looked exactly

like the one in the picture. He had curly blond hair and deep blue eyes. His face was the colour of marble, and he had perfectly shaped red lips. Yet what was most attractive in him was his innocent youth. His eyes and face were full of trust.

Dorian had come to model for Basil one last time so Basil could finish his picture. While he stood looking out of the open window, Lord Henry talked about what he thought was wrong in the world at that time.

"What's wrong with people today is that they are afraid to do what they really want. They are afraid to fulfil their dreams and try new ideas. They think their true thoughts and feelings will not be accepted by others. This is really sad for young people. When you are young, you should do things that give you pleasure. You, Mr Gray, must have had thoughts that if you told them to us, you would be embarrassed. Why? Don't you know that one day you will grow old and you will lose many of the opportunities you have today? When you are young you hold the key to life. When you are old you will lose that key forever. But if you don't use it you will regret it."

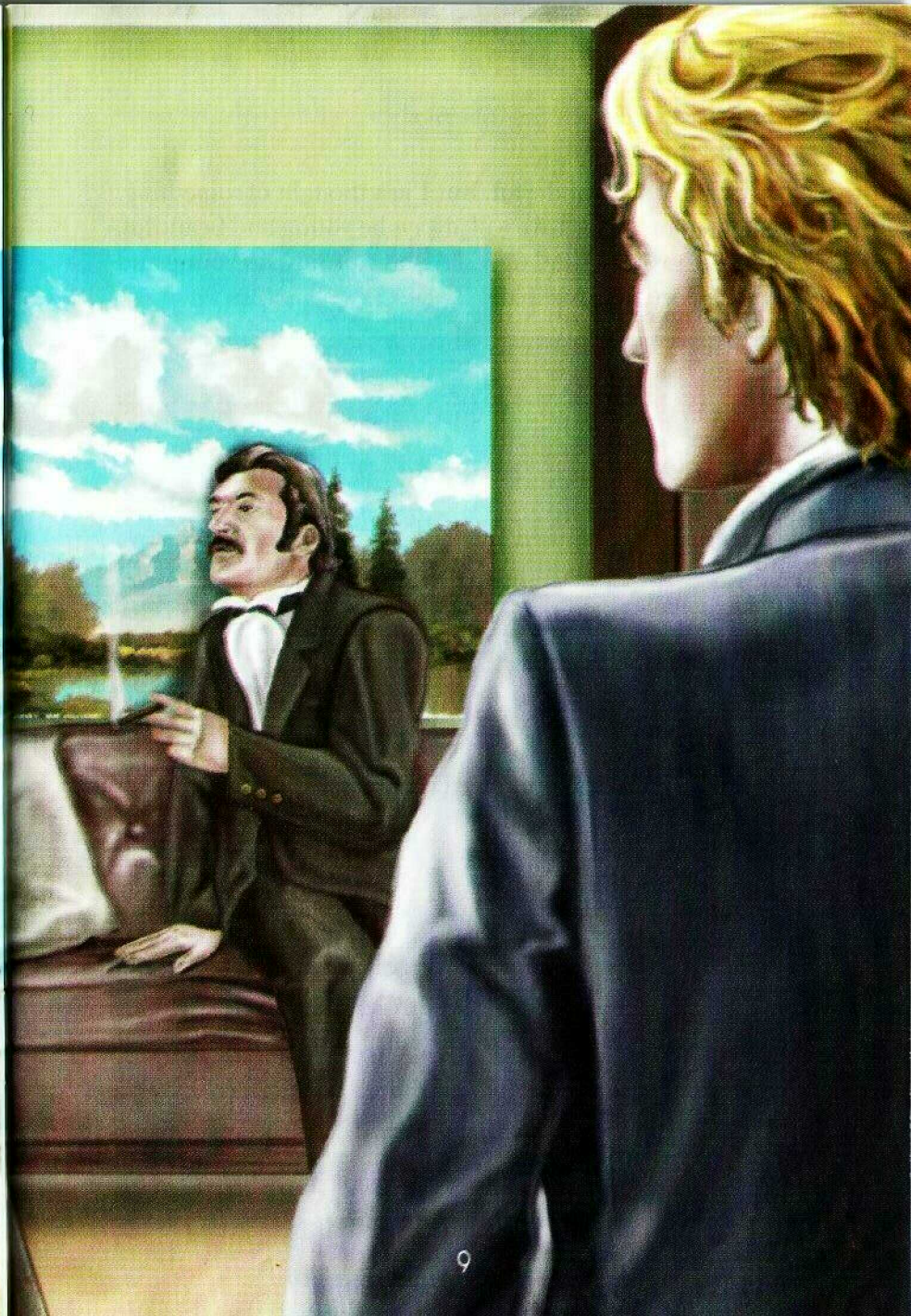
Dorian Gray heard everything Lord Henry had said, and had a strange feeling. Suddenly, he felt as if he could see everything in life clearly. Lord Henry's idea to stay young and find pleasure excited him.

Basil worked quickly. Dorian's mouth had opened slightly, and there was a new brightness in his eyes. Basil wanted to show all of this in the picture.

When Basil had finished, Dorian looked at the portrait. At first, he was pleased. Basil had drawn him exactly as he felt at the moment. Then he felt sad. Basil saw the change in his eyes.

"Don't you like it, Dorian?"







"Yes, Basil, it's wonderful. But I just thought of something. The person in this picture will always be young and beautiful, while I will grow old and ugly. I wish I were always young and the picture would grow old."



## *James Vane makes a promise*

Dorian Gray spent every day of the next three weeks with Lord Henry. They had lunch together and went to parties. And Dorian was influenced by Lord Henry more and more. When Dorian was alone, he was always looking for pleasurable things to do. One night, while sitting alone in an old theatre, Dorian saw the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Her name was Sybil Vane. She had long brown curly hair and a pretty heart-shaped face. She was only seventeen, but she was a better actress than women twice her age. Dorian went to see her after her performance, and he continued to go to the theatre every night for three weeks to watch her perform.

Sybil was very poor. She lived with her mother and her brother in a small, dirty flat with very little furniture. But Sybil did not feel poor. She felt rich with happiness because she had met her 'Prince Charming', which is what she called Dorian.

"What does money matter, mother? Love is more important than money."

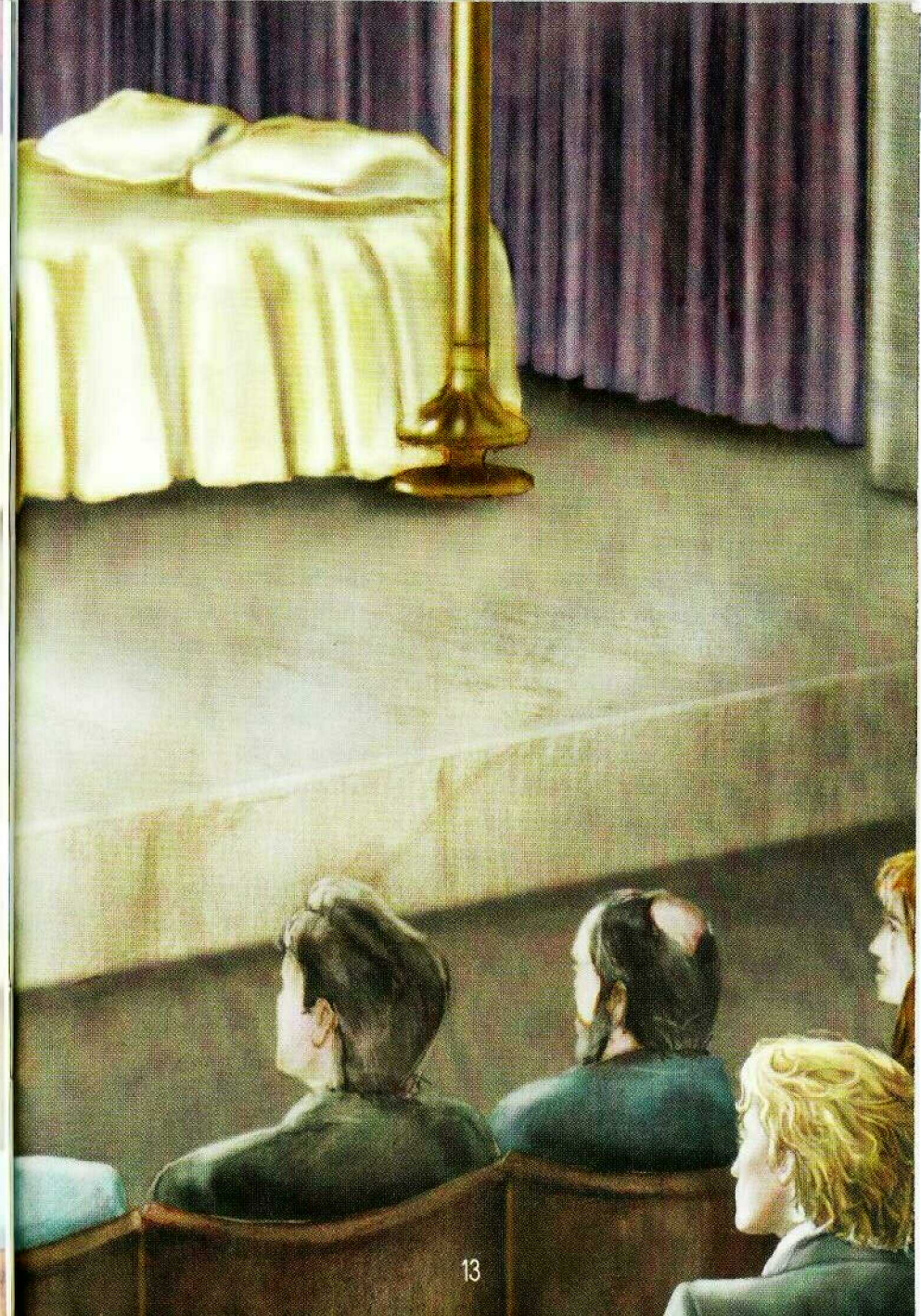
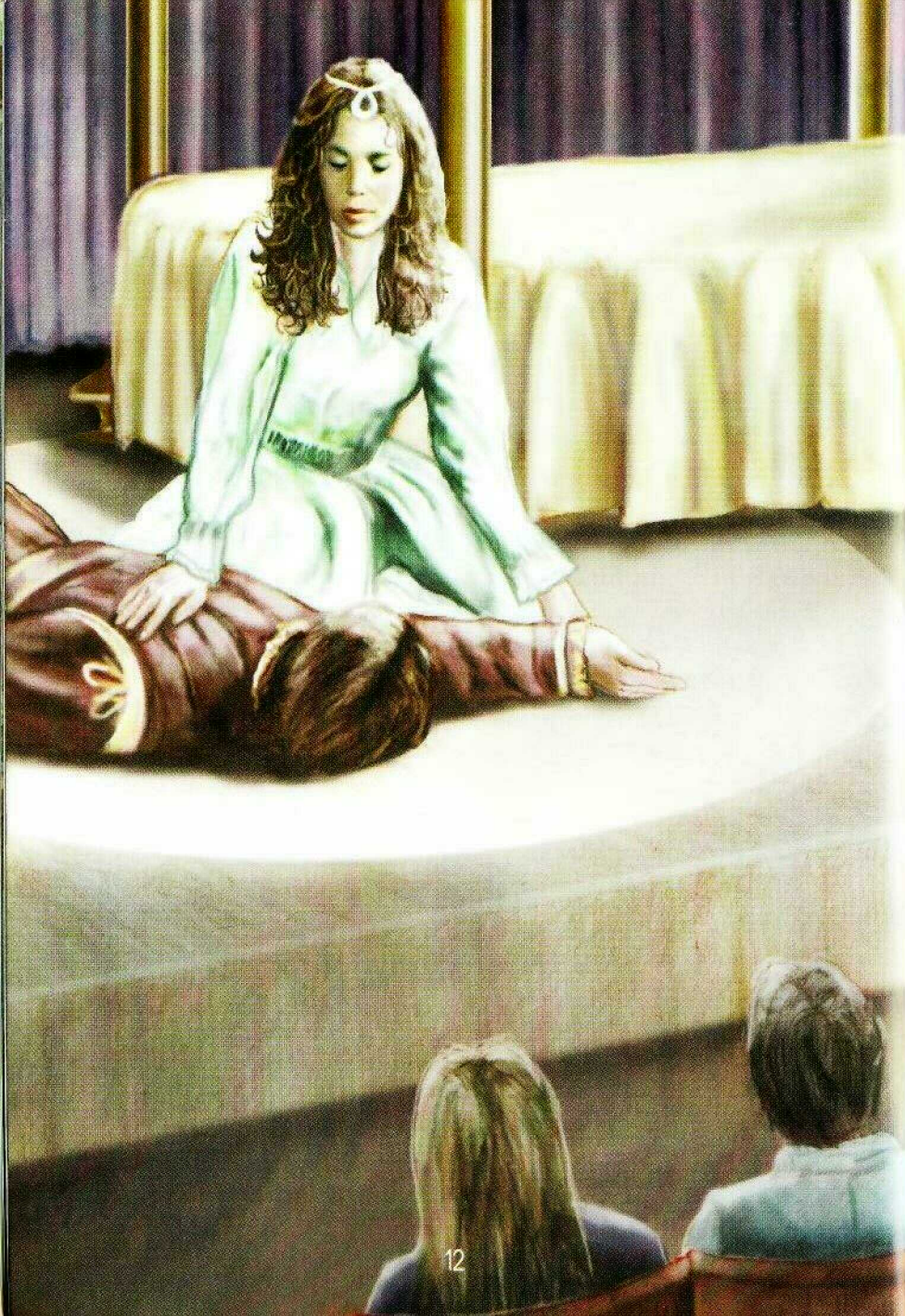
"You're too young to think of love. James is going away to Australia, and all I have is you."

"Oh, mother, let me be happy."

The door of the small flat opened, and James Vane, Sybil's brother, walked in. He was not tall, and his large shoulders made him seem shorter. His hair was not well combed, and there was something rough and angry in his expression.

"Are my things ready, mother?"







"Yes, James."

"Sybil, I want to talk to you."

"Oh, Jim, why are you always so serious?"

Sybil took her brother by the arm and walked him to the door.

"Don't be late, James. There is a cabman coming to take you to the boat."

Mrs Vane shouted after her two children, but she was not sure if they had heard her. The door closed without them answering, and she was left to think of her own youth and how wonderful it was to be in love.

Sybil and James walked to the park and Sybil told him that she had dreamt that he would make money in Australia, then come home and live in a big house in London. She saw that her brother was not listening to her.

"Jim, are you listening to me? What's bothering you?"

"I heard that there is a man who comes to see you every night at the theatre. Why haven't you told me about him? He can't be any good for you."

"Jim! Why do you say such things?"

"Because he has money, and all men with money are evil."

"Oh, Jim, you don't know what love is. If you saw him ...

I call him Prince Charming because that's what he will always be to me."

Just then a carriage drove by. There were two women in it and a young man with curly blond hair and laughing eyes.

"There he is!"

"Who?"

"Prince Charming."

"Where? Show him to me."

Another carriage stopped in front of them, and they could not see around it. When it moved, the other carriage was gone.

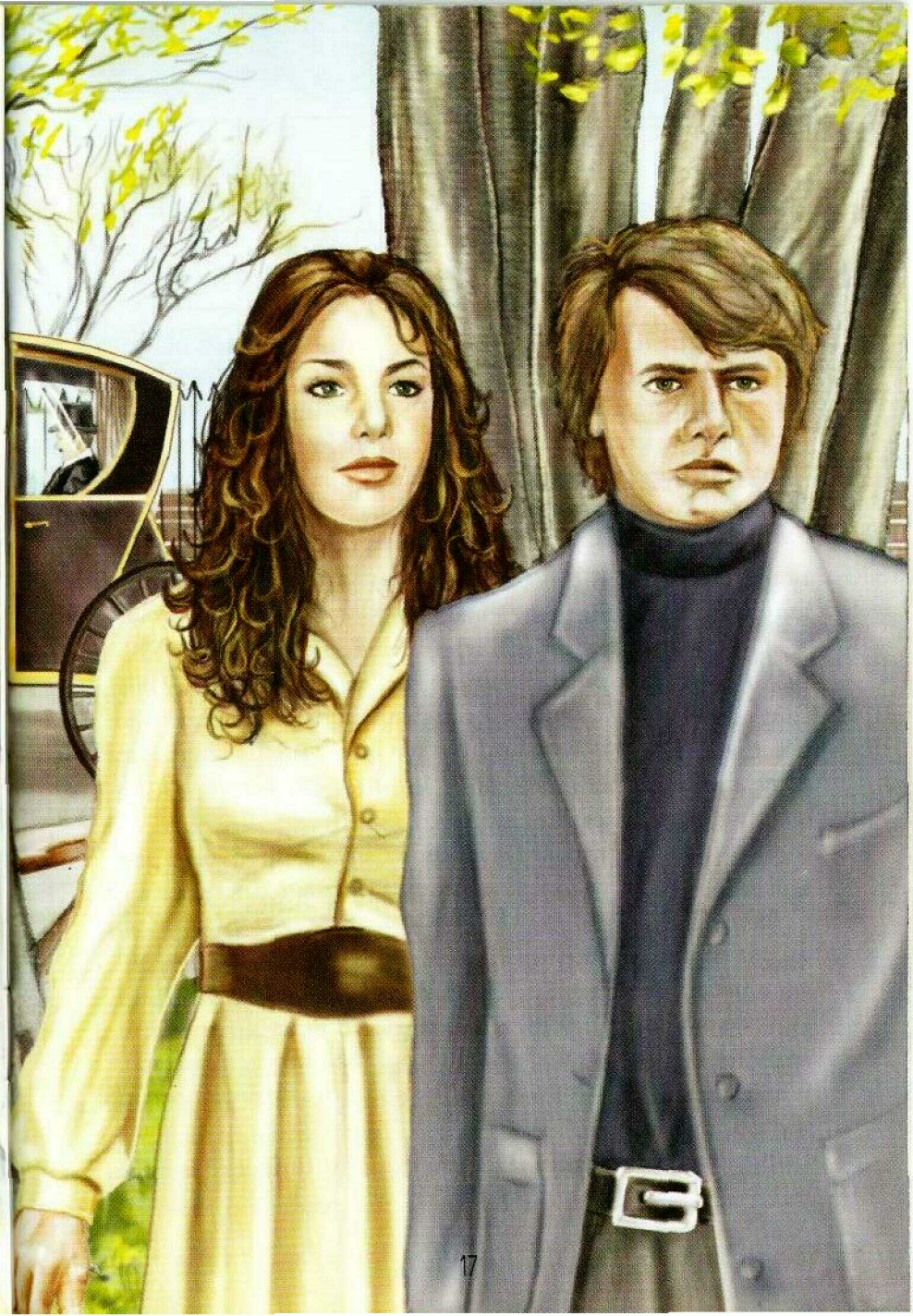
"Oh, he's gone. I wish you had seen him."

"So do I, because if he ever hurts you, I will kill him. Do you hear me Sybil? I'll kill him!"

James Vane's eyes looked red with anger. The people walking past looked at him and his sister was afraid.

"Jim, what are you saying? Come, let us go. You will be late for your boat."







## *Sybil cannot act*

Dorian Gray asked Sybil Vane to marry him before Basil and Lord Henry had seen her. Dorian had only known her for three weeks, but he was sure that he loved her. He took Basil and Lord Henry with him to see her play the part of Juliet in *"Romeo and Juliet."*

"When you see her act, you will forget that you are in London. People in this theatre know nothing about acting, but even they change when she comes on stage."

The theatre was especially crowded and hot that night. Basil, Lord Henry and Dorian sat in the balcony while rough-looking young men and women who laughed too loudly sat near the front of the stage below them. There was a bar at the back of the theatre, and they could hear bottles opening and glasses clinking.

The lights went down and the curtain rose. Sybil Vane walked out on stage and Lord Henry watched her closely.

"She is beautiful."

But something was wrong when she spoke, there was no emotion in her voice. She did not act like she had on other nights, and Dorian felt ill. His friends said nothing, but there was loud talking in the audience, and men began to whistle. When the curtain fell for intermission, Lord Henry stood up and put on his coat.

"She's very beautiful, Dorian, but she cannot act. Let's go."

"I'm sorry, Harry. I don't know what's wrong."

"Perhaps she's ill, Dorian. We'll come back another time."

"Besides, who cares if your wife can't act. She's beautiful. That's enough."

"Go away, I want to be alone. Can't you see my heart is breaking."

Dorian hid his face in his hands. His friends left quietly. After the play, Dorian walked quickly back behind the stage to the dressing room. There he found Sybil. Her eyes were shining, and her face was filled with joy.

"Oh, Dorian, wasn't I horrible?"

"Yes, you were. Were you ill? You made me look like a fool in front of my friends."

"Oh, Dorian, you don't understand. I cannot act anymore because I have found true love. How can I act like Juliet when I do not feel her love? I only feel my love for you, Dorian."

Dorian turned away from her.

"You have killed my love for you. I loved you because I thought you were a great actress. I thought you would be famous and have my name. Now I see that you are nothing but a pretty face."

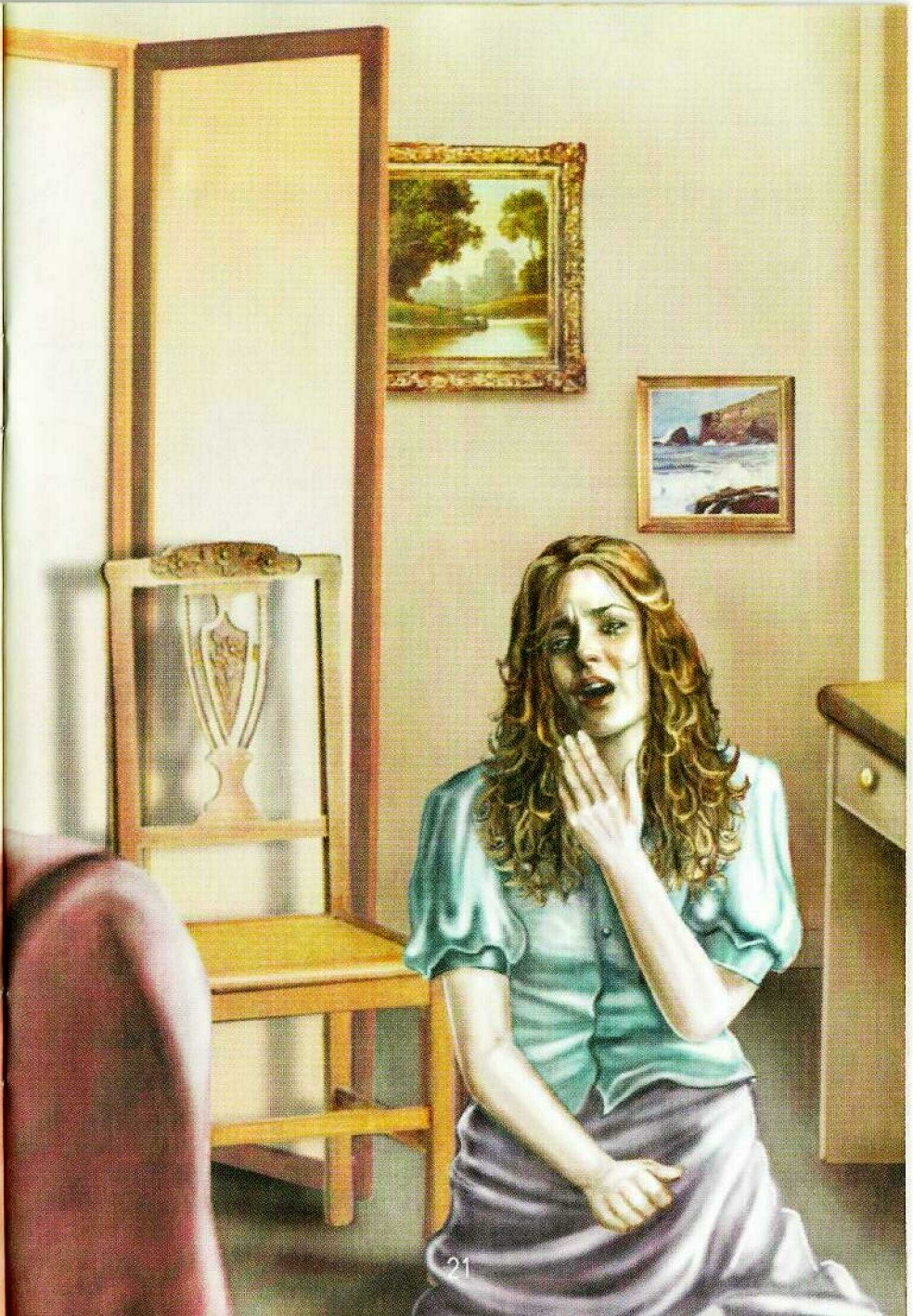
Sybil's face turned white. She walked up to Dorian and tried to touch his arm.

"Dorian, you can't be serious."

"Don't touch me. You are not who I thought you were. I'm leaving."

Sybil fell to the floor as if she had been hit. A painful cry escaped from her lips. She held her hands out towards the dressing room door, but it was too late. Dorian had gone.







## *The picture changes*

Dorian Gray stayed out all night after he had left Sybil at the theatre. When he arrived home, the sun was just coming up behind the houses around the square where he lived. He was walking through the library in his house, on the way to his bedroom, when something suddenly seemed strange. The picture Basil had painted of him, which was on Dorian's library wall, looked different. There was a cruel expression in the mouth. It looked the way he might look after he had done something horrible.

Dorian remembered the wish he had made at Basil's. He had said that he wished the picture would grow old and ugly while he remained young and beautiful. But could such things come true? Dorian didn't think so. But what about the picture? It had changed. Was it because of the way he had acted towards Sybil?

Dorian was tired. He did not want to look at the picture any more. He put a screen in front of it and then went to bed.

Dorian woke up when his butler, Victor, came in with his tea.

"You have slept late today, sir."

"What time is it, Victor?"

"A quarter past one."

There were several letters on the tray with the tea. One was from Lord Henry. As Victor left the room, Dorian





stopped him.

"Victor, I do not want to see anyone today."

"Yes, sir."

Dorian did not read Lord Henry's letter. In fact, he had decided not to spend so much time with Lord Henry. Lord Henry had a negative influence on him, he thought.

After breakfast, Dorian went to look at the picture again. He had hoped that it would look different, but it didn't. The face was still cruel. Dorian was sure it looked this way because of what he had done to Sybil.

He sat down and wrote Sybil a long letter. He apologised for what he had done and told her again how much he loved her. He had decided to marry her after all, and he wanted to start living a better life.

Late in the afternoon, Lord Henry came to see him. Dorian had covered the portrait before he came in.

"Dorian, I'm so sorry about what happened, but you must forget about her."

"You mean Sybil?"

"Yes."

"I cannot forget about her. She has made me see the difference between good and evil. I was wrong to be cruel to her after the play. I am sorry for that. But now I have decided to marry her."

"Marry her!"

Lord Henry stood up and looked confused.

"Then you don't know. Didn't you read my letter?"

"No."

"Oh, Dorian. Then you don't know. Sybil Vane is dead."

Dorian's face changed into a terrible expression of pain.

"No, no! It's a lie! Tell me you are lying."

After Dorian had left Sybil at the theatre, she was so heartbroken she drank poison. The police were saying that it was suicide. Lord Henry tried to make Dorian feel better, but he did this in his own careless way.

"Have dinner with me tonight, Dorian. We'll go to the opera and forget all about this."

"The opera? How can I go to the opera when the woman I loved has died because of me."

"That's exactly why you should go. Dorian, this is not your fault. Life is full of tragedies. You are young and good-looking. Sybil Vane is in your past. Think of the future. You can do anything."

Dorian wanted to believe that Sybil's death was not his fault. He did not want to feel guilty or evil. Lord Henry's words made him feel better. Why shouldn't he go to the opera, he thought. If the picture of him was going to change after every evil act he did and he was going to stay young and beautiful, why should he care?



## *Basil wants to see the portrait*

The next morning, Basil came to visit Dorian in his library. Dorian was sitting in a chair, drinking a glass of white wine, looking very bored. The picture Basil had painted of him was still covered by a screen.

"Oh Dorian, I'm so glad I've found you. They told me you went to the opera last night, but I knew that couldn't be true. I'm so sorry about what happened to Sybil. You must be terribly hurt."

"Sit down, Basil. I did go to the opera, and I was hurt, but now I am not. What happened in the past is over. There is no use in re-living it."

"Dorian, how can you talk like that about someone you loved?"

"Sybil Vane was an actress. She died as Juliet would die. It is just another tragedy. I choose to live for pleasure and not regret the past."

"You've changed, Dorian. You still look the same as when I first saw you, but you are different. You used to be so kind and innocent. Now you talk like you have no heart. Harry has influenced you. I see that."

"I was a boy when I first met you. Now I am a man. Harry has made me see myself as I really am."

Basil was confused. He wanted to believe that Dorian was the pure, good, innocent boy he had first met. He hoped that Sybil's death had caused Dorian's strange behaviour. Basil

looked up and saw the screen in front of the picture.

"Why have you put a screen in front of your picture? It's the best work I have ever done. Let me look at it."

Basil walked towards the screen. Dorian stood up and ran in front of him.

"No, Basil, you mustn't! I can't let you."

"But...but why?"

Dorian's face was white and his eyes were filled with terror.

"I can't tell you, and please don't ask me why."

Basil turned away from Dorian and looked out of the window. He was frightened by what he had to say.

"Dorian, have you seen something strange in the picture, something which was not there at first but suddenly appeared?"

Dorian was frightened.

"Basil, what are you saying?!"

"Listen to me, Dorian. Don't speak. It is a secret of mine, and I hope that it doesn't upset you. When I first saw you, I thought that your face was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. It was a work of art. But I liked you too much. I think the picture shows that. I wanted to put all of my artistic talent into that picture, because that's what I thought your face deserved."

Basil turned away from the window and looked at Dorian.

"I'm embarrassed because all of my feelings for you and for art are in that picture, and I know that it is wrong to worship human beauty so much. We are not perfect, and even a work of art should not show that we are."

Dorian's face relaxed. Its natural colour returned. He sat down, feeling safe that the secret of the picture had not been







found out. He had been afraid that Basil would see his character in the picture. What Basil was saying was not as bad as what was really in the picture. Basil prepared to leave.

"I'm sorry if you don't like what you see in the picture, but I hope you will come and have tea with me soon."

"Of course, Basil, of course."

After Basil had gone, Dorian covered the picture in a purple and gold cloth, then had it taken up to a small room at the top of the house which no one ever entered. He locked the picture in that room and always kept the key to it with him. He felt safe now that no one would ever see the picture which showed the dark secrets of his soul.

## *Basil sees the portrait*

The years passed, and the picture of Dorian Gray grew more and more ugly. Dorian himself looked exactly as he did when he was twenty. There were rumours that Dorian did horrible things and went to horrible places, but no one knew for sure if they were true. Lord Henry was still his closest friend, and he and Dorian threw famous parties at Dorian's beautifully decorated house with famous musicians and beautiful women.

Dorian became interested in everything which made life beautiful on the outside — jewels, perfume, fine cloth, gold, silver — but he would go to the room at the top of his house every once in a while to see how he would look if his true character showed on his face. Dorian had become selfish and irresponsible. He did not care about the consequences of his behaviour, because he always looked young and beautiful. He lost many friends, and there were many people who hated him, but there were also those who thought he was some kind of modern hero. He was rich and handsome, and the wild stories people told about him seemed exciting, if they were true.

But the picture, locked in the room at the top of his house, changed with every one of Dorian's cruel or selfish acts. It was a portrait of a man who looked much older than Dorian Gray. Dorian was now almost thirty-eight, but the man in the picture had thin grey hair. His face was wrinkled and his body looked old and weak. Dorian would hold a



mirror up to his face when he went to look at the picture. His eyes were still bright with youth. His hair was thick and golden. It did not matter what the picture looked like, he thought. It was how he looked in the mirror, and how he looked to others, that mattered most.

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The night before Dorian's thirty-eighth birthday was cold and foggy. Dorian was walking home at around eleven o'clock when he passed Basil Hallward in the street, coming from Dorian's house.

"Dorian! I'm so glad I've caught you. I went to your house, but your butler told me you were out. I'm on my way to the train station. I'm going to Paris for six months, and I wanted to see you before I left."

Dorian was not happy to see Basil, but he invited him back to his house for a drink before he left.

Basil took off his hat and coat and put them on his travelling bag by the front door.

"Dorian, what are all these rumours about you? People don't want to be seen with you. They say you have destroyed the lives of many young men and women. You have a negative influence on people and you encourage them to do evil things."

"People talk about others because they have something to hide themselves. No one is good in England, they just pretend to be. People do what they want with their lives. I am not the influence."

"I want to believe you, Dorian, and I know it must be true. If you did all these things people say, it would show on your face. Men's faces and bodies grow old and ugly when they live such lives. But look at you. You are young and

beautiful. But I came here tonight to see your soul. Show me your soul, Dorian. Make me believe you are good and not evil and that people are spreading lies about you."

Dorian laughed at Basil. He laughed at all the world. Why shouldn't someone know my secret, he thought. Especially Basil, the painter of the portrait.

"Do you really want to see my soul, Basil? Come, I will show it to you."

Dorian took a lamp from a table and walked Basil to the room at the top of his house. He stood before the purple and gold coloured curtain.

"You think only God can see a man's soul. Now, you can see mine."

He pulled the curtain away. Basil suddenly looked shocked. He fell back into a chair and hid his face in his hands. Dorian was standing, smelling the flower he had pinned on his coat.

"Basil, do you remember a wish I made the day you painted this?"

"I remember. Oh God, how I remember!"

The painter looked up at him.

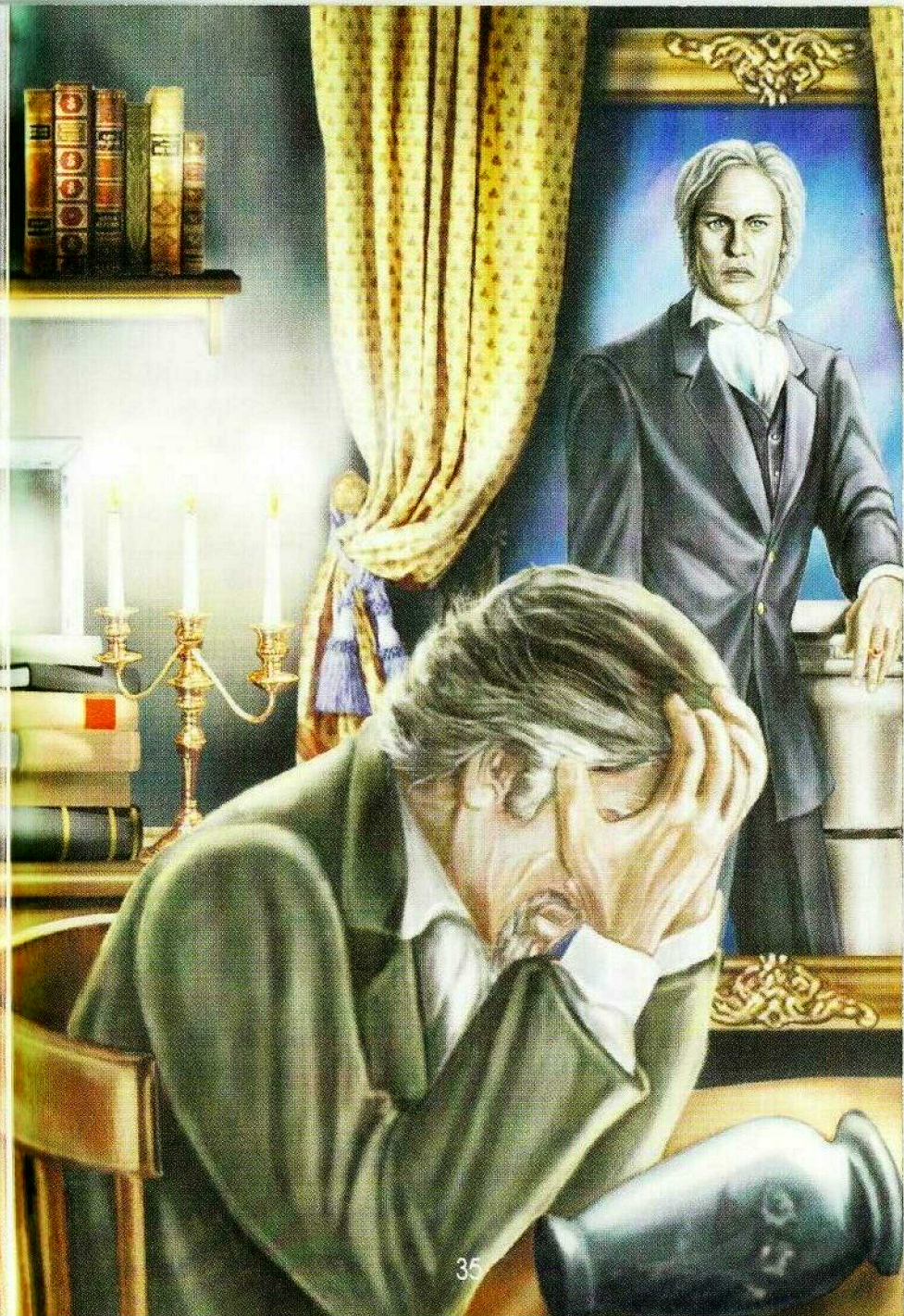
"Dorian, it's not too late. We can pray for forgiveness. I am to blame, too."

"It's too late."

"It's not!"

A flash of hatred ran through Dorian's body. He looked at the picture and it was as if the picture told him what to do. He picked up a knife off a table and ran at Basil. Basil still had his head down. He did not see Dorian raise his arm in the air, and he did not have time to look up before Dorian brought the knife down on his neck.







## *Alan Campbell*

The next morning, Dorian wrote two letters: one to Alan Campbell at 152, Hertford Street, which he asked his butler, Victor, to deliver, and one which he kept in his coat pocket. He remembered how Basil had looked the night before when he had left him in the room upstairs. His head had fallen forward as if he was sleeping and there was a pool of blood at his feet on the floor. Dorian erased the memory from his mind. He didn't want to think of unpleasant things.

Alan Campbell was once a very good friend of Dorian's. They had met at a party. Alan was a chemist but he played the piano very well, and his interest in music attracted Dorian. They went to the opera together and Alan thought, like many others, that Dorian was a wonderful man who always did exciting things. Then, one day, they stopped seeing each other. No one knew why, but they noticed that Alan always left the room when Dorian entered. Alan became sad and depressed. He stopped playing music and going to parties, and he spent most of his time alone in his laboratory doing experiments.

The door to Dorian's library opened, and Victor entered.

"Mr Alan Campbell, sir."

Alan Campbell had a very serious look on his face, and he did not look very healthy. His black hair and eyes made his face look even more white.

"Alan! Thank you for coming."

"You know I never wanted to see you again, Gray."

"Sit down, Alan. I have something important I want to tell you."

Campbell sat down, and Dorian watched his face as he told him what he had done to Basil.

"Good God, Dorian! You've murdered someone? I don't want to know anything more. I'm leaving."

Alan got up to go.

"Wait! Alan, you must help me. You know what chemicals to use to get rid of the body."

"And what makes you think I will help you?"

Dorian went to his desk and wrote something down on a piece of paper. He gave Alan the paper. After Alan had read it, he looked ill. He sat down.

"I've written the letter. Look at the address. If I send it, you know what will happen to you."

Dorian showed Alan the letter he had hidden in his pocket. There was some secret in it that Alan did not want anyone to know.

Dorian Gray's butler went to Alan Campbell's house and picked up all of the things Alan would need to get rid of the body. It took Alan several hours to finish, but when he was gone, Dorian saw that Basil's dead body was gone, too. The room was clean, but there was a horrible smell of chemicals in the air. Dorian looked at his portrait hanging on the wall, and he almost fell over in shock when he saw that the hand in the picture was covered with red blood.







## *James Vane Returns*

Often, after midnight, Dorian Gray went to places at the end of dark streets. There were no windows and no lights on the outside of these places, and only the most frightening kinds of people went there. They served drinks, and there were dark secret rooms where Dorian could go to forget his ugly past.

At one of these places, soon after Basil Hallward's death, Dorian saw an old friend. His name was Adrian Singleton, and he was a young man who led a bad life and had lost all his friends. He and Dorian were talking when two evil looking women tried to talk to them. They both had old clothes on, their hair was uncombed, and their faces looked a lot older than they were. Dorian turned his back on them.

"Oh! Too good for us, tonight, eh, Prince Charming? Isn't that what you like to be called — Prince Charming?"

Dorian left the bar and left the women behind him. There was a drunken sailor, sleeping at a table in one corner. He woke up when he heard the name 'Prince Charming', and he followed Dorian outside.

Dorian was walking between two old buildings to another place he knew when he suddenly felt someone's hand grab him from behind and throw him against the wall. There was a strong hand holding his neck, and he heard the click of a gun next to his head.

"You have one minute to say you did it, then I'm going to kill you."





"What are you talking about? Who are you? You're mad."

"You killed Sybil Vane. They said she killed herself but I know it was because of you. I've been looking for you all my life, Prince Charming. I'm James Vane, her brother, and I promised her I'd kill you if you ever hurt her."

Dorian's heart was beating wildly. He did not know what to do. Suddenly an idea came to him.

"Wait. How long ago was it that your sister died?"

"Eighteen years. Why?"

"Look at my face. Eighteen years ago I would have been too young to know your sister."

James Vane took Dorian over to the light of a streetlamp. When he saw how young Dorian looked, he thought he had made a terrible mistake. He let Dorian go.

"I'm sorry, sir. It was something I heard back there."

"Well, you shouldn't go around accusing everyone of murder. I'd go home if I were you and get some sleep."

Dorian Gray walked away as James Vane stood in the light, shocked at the mistake he thought he had made. The woman from the bar who had called Dorian Prince Charming came out of the shadow from a nearby building. She had followed James and Dorian.

"You made a mistake. You should have killed him."

"No, the man I'm looking for should be forty by now. He was too young."

"You fool. I met Prince Charming eighteen years ago. He looks the same today as he did then. He never changes. That was him."

James Vane ran to the corner of the street to look for Dorian, but he was gone.

## *A Hunting Accident*

Dorian Gray had a country home at Selby Royal where he had invited several guests so that they could go hunting and enjoy the beautiful countryside. Lord Henry and the Duchess of Monmouth were sitting in the glass house next to the main building, talking, while Dorian had walked away to look for a beautiful flower for the Duchess. Dorian had reached out for a white orchid when he saw the face of James Vane looking at him through the window. Lord Henry and the Duchess heard Dorian fall to the ground, but they didn't know why. Lord Henry ran over to help him up.

"Dorian, my boy, are you alright?"

Dorian opened his eyes slowly and looked confused.

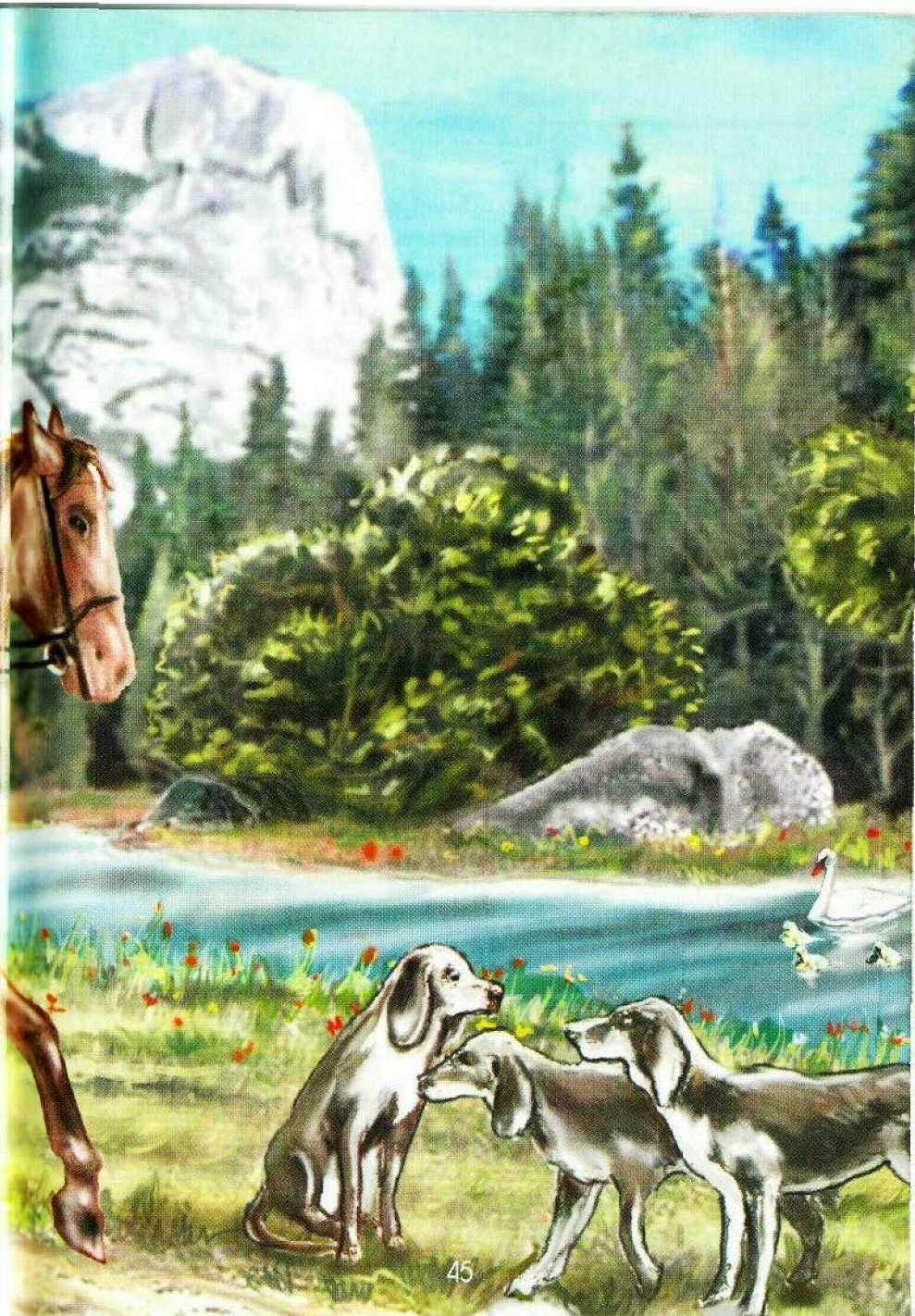
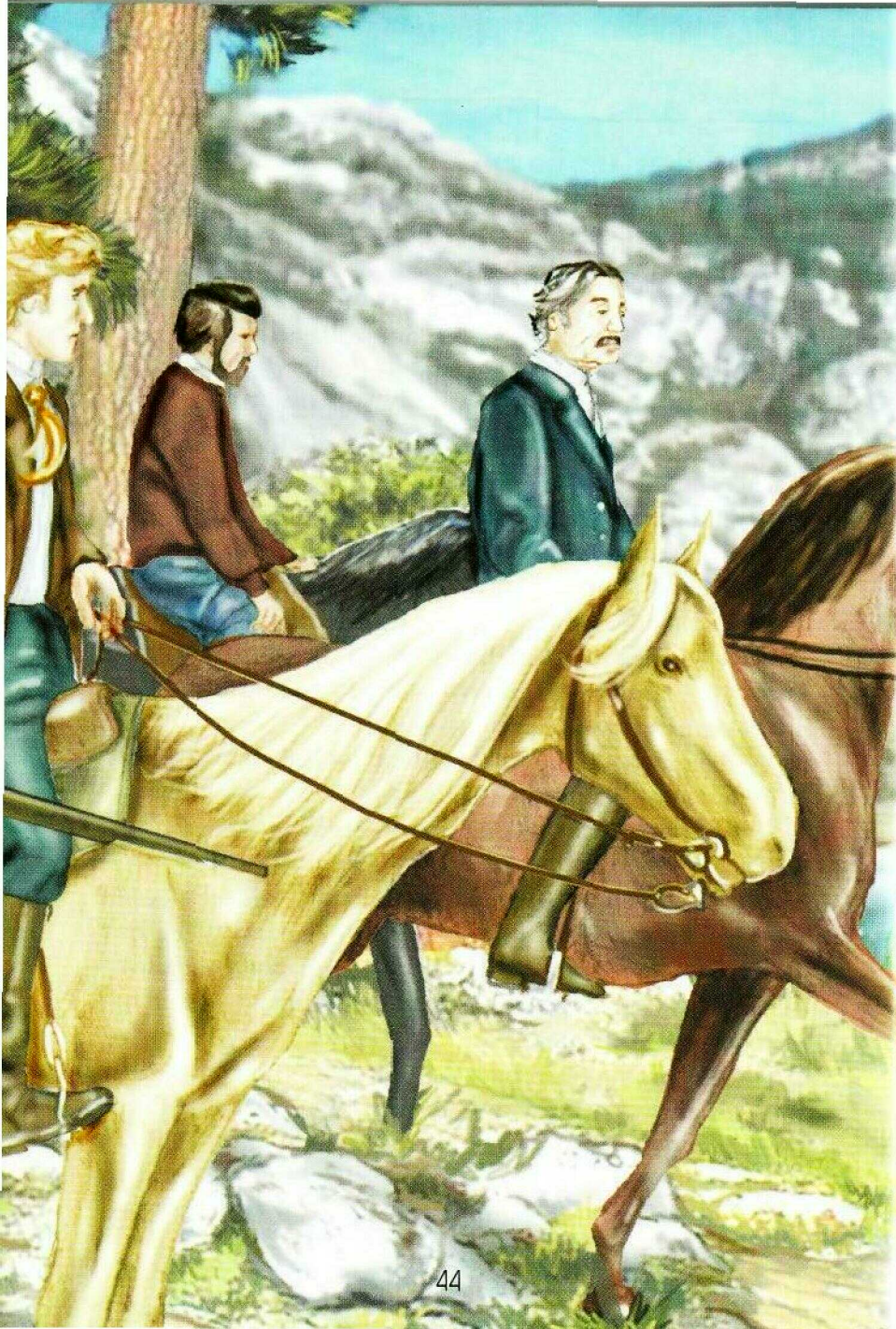
"Oh, Henry. Am I safe? Am I safe?"

"Yes, you only fainted. You must be weak. Let's get you inside."

For two days, Dorian stayed inside. He said he needed rest, but he was really afraid. He did not know if he had really seen James Vane. Maybe it was his imagination. Maybe his guilt over the murder of Basil was making him see things that weren't really there.

Finally, on the third day, the smell of the pine trees and the cold winter air made him feel like being outside with the other hunters. He rode his horse through the forest to a small lake where he saw the Duchess's brother, Geoffrey Clouston, emptying his gun. Dorian walked with Geoffrey,







and he was filled with joy and happiness when he heard the sound of guns firing and voices crying out in the distance.

A small rabbit ran in front of them, and Sir Geoffrey raised his gun to shoot it. Dorian saw the beauty in the way the rabbit moved, and he cried out: "Don't shoot it. Let it live."

But Sir Geoffrey would not listen. He fired two shots, and there was a horrible cry from the bush the rabbit had run into. Sir Geoffrey had shot one of the men who helped the hunters. He was hidden by the bush.

Dorian felt ill. Lord Henry came up to comfort him.

"It's a bad omen, Harry. I feel like something terrible is going to happen."

"There's no such thing as bad omens. Besides, what horrible thing could happen to you? Every man in the world wants to be like you."

Dorian lay on the couch in his room that evening with a sick feeling inside. He wanted to leave Selby Royal. He could feel death all around it. He told his servant he was going to take the night train to London. He was about to write a letter to Lord Henry, telling him he was going to see a doctor, when there was a knock at his door. It was the man in charge of the farm workers. Dorian thought it was about the man who had been killed.

"What is it, Thornton? Do you need some money to give to the man's family?"

"No, sir. We don't know who the man was."

"What? Wasn't he one of your men?"

"No, sir. I've never seen him before. I think he was a sailor."

Dorian's face turned white.

"He had tattoos on his arms and he was wearing sailor's clothes. They found a gun in his pocket."

"I have to see him. Tell me where he is."

Dorian rode out to the farm house. The dead man lay there with a handkerchief over his face and a candle next to his head. Dorian asked one of the farmers to uncover the face. When he saw that it was James Vane, he felt great joy. Now he thought that he was safe.

## *Dorian Changes*

One night, Dorian Gray had dinner at Lord Henry's. The two men were alone after dinner was over, and Dorian wanted to tell Lord Henry how he had decided to change his life and be good.

"I met a girl in the country. She reminded me of Sybil Vane. We spent a month together, and I really felt I loved her. But I did not want to destroy her innocence, so I told her I could not see her anymore."

"So you broke her heart. What good is there in that?"

"Her heart was not broken. She was sad, but she can live an honourable life. I did nothing to blacken her name."

"I think you did it for yourself. It makes you feel good to think that you haven't hurt her when in reality you have. She'll never forget someone of your beauty. She'll make you more wonderful in her own imagination and she'll never be satisfied with another man."

"Oh, Harry, stop. Can't we please talk about something else?"

Dorian was walking around nervously.

"We could talk about Basil. Everyone is talking of his disappearance. Or we could talk about Alan Campbell's suicide. Did you know he shot himself in his laboratory?"

Dorian did not answer. He was deep in thought.

"Did you ever think, Harry, that maybe Basil was murdered? What would you say if I told you I murdered Basil?"

Lord Henry laughed.

"I would not believe you. Only horrible people commit murders. You could not live the life you do, and you could not look as handsome as you do if you were a murderer."

Dorian Gray prepared to leave.

"Oh, don't leave, Dorian. Let's go out and have a drink. It's only eleven o'clock."

"No, Harry. I'm going to bed early tonight. I told you, I want to change."

Dorian Gray felt good when he returned home. He really believed that he had finally done something right when he told the girl he had met in the country not to fall in love with him. This was how he was going to change his life. He was going to stop doing things which might hurt other people. After that, he hoped that his portrait would change from an old ugly man to one that was young and beautiful like himself.

The idea that the portrait would change excited him so much that he threw off his coat and ran upstairs to the room where he hid the picture. He unlocked the door and lit a candle. The knife he had used to kill Basil was still on the table. His heart beat excitedly as he pulled the curtain away. Then his whole body became sick at the sight of the horrible face. Not only was the picture unchanged, but it looked even more ugly.

Was Harry right? Could Dorian do nothing but act selfishly? The thought that he could never again become good and that he would always have a picture of how he truly was made him mad with anger.

"Why are you looking at me like that?!"

The face in the picture looked as if it was laughing at



Dorian. The blood on the hand looked more red than before, and now Dorian noticed that there was blood on the other and on the floor by its feet. Dorian picked up the knife off the table.

"You're the only evidence that I killed Basil Hallward. Why should I let you live and torture me for the rest of my life. I'll destroy you. Why are you looking at me like that?!"

Dorian raised his arm and ran towards the portrait. His eyes looked as if they were on fire.

A horrible cry of pain and the sound of something heavy falling to the floor came from the locked room at the top of Dorian Gray's house. The servants were all asleep, but they woke up when they heard this strange noise.

Victor, the butler, knocked on the door.

"Mr Gray, sir. Are you in there?"

There was no answer. Victor and two others climbed out on the roof and entered the room from the balcony. The room was dark except for a candle on a table near the door. Victor saw the portrait of his master, and he was surprised at how real it looked. The face in the picture was young and handsome, just like Mr Gray had been when he was twenty years old.

The three men went closer towards the picture, and there on the floor in front of it was a horrible sight: a very old man with a horrible look on his face and a knife stuck in his heart. It was only after they looked at the rings on the man's fingers that they understood who he really was.





# Word List

## Chapter 1

beauty (n)  
 beg (v)  
 blond (adj)  
 blow (blew-blown) (v)  
 brightness (n)  
 butler (n)  
 couch (n)  
 curly (adj)  
 effect (n)  
 embarrass (v)  
 fill (v)  
 fulfil my dreams (phr)  
 grow old (phr)  
 handsome (adj)  
 innocent (adj)  
 lie (lay-lain) (v)  
 lips (n)  
 look like (v)  
 marble (n)  
 model (v)  
 negative (adj)  
 opportunity (n)  
 perfectly (adv)  
 pleasure (n)  
 pure (adj)  
 regret (v)  
 shaped (adj)  
 show (sb) in (phr)  
 show (showed-shown) (v)  
 silk (adj)  
 slightly (adv)  
 statue (n)

thought (n)  
 trust (n)  
 try (v)  
 upset (upset-upset) (v)  
 yet (adv)  
 youth (n)

## Chapter 2

anger (n)  
 bother (v)  
 cabman (n)  
 carriage (n)  
 charming (adj)  
 comb (v)  
 drive by (drove-driven)  
 (v)  
 evil (adj)  
 expression (n)  
 flat (n)  
 heart-shaped (adj)  
 influence (v)  
 matter (v)  
 perform (v)  
 performance (n)  
 pleasurable (adj)  
 rough (adj)  
 seem (v)  
 serious (adj)  
 shoulder (n)  
 twice her age (phr)  
 walk past (v)

## Chapter 3

act (v)  
 audience (n)  
 balcony (n)  
 care (v)  
 clink (v)  
 closely (adv)  
 crowded (adj)  
 dressing room (n)  
 emotion (n)  
 especially (adv)  
 famous (adj)  
 front (n)  
 go down (went-gone)  
 (phr v)  
 hide (hid-hidden) (v)  
 hold my hands out  
 towards (phr)  
 horrible (adj)  
 intermission (n)  
 joy (n)  
 painful (adj)  
 part (n)  
 rise (rose-risen) (v)  
 rough-looking (adj)  
 shine (shone-shone) (v)  
 stage (n)  
 turn away from (phr)  
 turn white (phr)  
 walk up to (v)  
 whistle (v)



## Chapter 4

apologise (v)  
be wrong (phr)  
careless (adj)  
come true (phr)  
confused (adj)  
cover (v)  
cruel (adj)  
evil (n)  
fault (n)  
good-looking (adj)  
guilty (adj)  
heartbroken (adj)  
influence (n)  
library (n)  
lie (n)  
lie (v)  
mean (meant-meant) (v)  
poison (n)  
remain (v)  
screen (n)  
sleep late (phr)  
square (n)  
suicide (n)  
terrible (adj)  
tragedy (n)  
tray (n)

## Chapter 5

be over (v)  
bored (adj)  
choose (chose-chosen) (v)  
deserve (v)  
frightened (adj)  
hurt (adj)

relax (v)  
soul (n)  
terror (n)  
there is no use in (phr)  
work of art (phr)  
worship (v)

## Chapter 6

close (adj)  
consequence (n)  
decorate (v)  
destroy (v)  
encourage (v)  
every once in a while (phr)  
exciting (adj)  
fine cloth (phr)  
foggy (adj)  
hatred (n)  
I am to blame (phr)  
irresponsible (adj)  
jewel (n)  
mirror (n)  
on my way to (phr)  
on the outside (phr)  
pin (v)  
pray (v)  
pretend (v)  
raise (v)  
rumour (n)  
selfish (adj)  
silver (n)  
spread (spread-spread) (v)  
thick (adj)  
throw parties (phr)

weak (adj)  
wild story (phr)  
wrinkled (adj)

## Chapter 7

attract (v)  
chemicals (n, pl)  
chemist (n)  
deliver (v)  
depressed (adj)  
erase (v)  
experiment (n)  
fall over in shock (phr)  
get rid of (phr)  
hang (hung-hung) (v)  
healthy (adj)  
laboratory (n)  
mind (n)  
murder (v)  
pool of blood (phr)

## Chapter 8

accuse of (v)  
beat (beat-beaten) (v)  
drunken (adj)  
fool (n)  
frightening (adj)  
grab (v)  
lead a bad life (phr)  
nearby (adj)  
shadow (n)  
uncombed (adj)  
wildly (adv)

## Chapter 9

bush (n)  
comfort (v)  
countryside (n)  
Duchess (n)  
empty (v)  
faint (v)  
feel like (v)  
feeling (n)  
fire (v)  
glass house (n)  
guest (n)  
guilt (n)  
handkerchief (n)  
hunt (v)  
hunter (n)  
in charge of (phr)  
in the distance (phr)  
lake (n)

main (adj)  
omen (n)  
orchid (n)  
pine tree (n)  
reach out for (phr)  
rest (n)  
safe (adj)  
shoot (shot-shot) (v)  
shot (n)  
tattoo (n)  
uncover (v)

## Chapter 10

blacken sb's name (phr)  
commit a murder (phr)  
disappearance (n)  
evidence (n)  
fall in love with (phr)  
honourable (adj)

in reality (phr)  
innocence (n)  
notice (v)  
prepare (v)  
remind sb of (v)  
satisfy (v)  
servant (n)  
stick (stuck-stuck) (v)  
throw off (phr v)  
torture (v)  
truly (adv)